But two months dead, nay not ſo much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satire, ſo louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Viſit her face too roughly: heauen and earth
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him
As if increaſe of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month. Or ere thoſe ſhooes were old
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers body
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhe
O God! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married. Oh! moſt wicked ſpeed; to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtious ſheetes,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, *Marcellus and Bernardo.*

Hora. Haile to your Lordſhippe. (ſelfe.
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my
Hora. the ſame my Lord, and your poore ſeruant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you.
And what make you from *Wittenberg* Horatio?
Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you, (good euen ſir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?
Hora. A truant diſpoſition good my Lord.
Ham. I would not heare your enemie ſay ſo,
Nor ſhall you do my eare that violence
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elſonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.

Hora. My Lord, I came to ſee y
Ham. I prethee doe not moc
I thinke it was to my mothers w
Hora. Indeed my Lord it foll
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, t
Did coldly furniſh forth the marr
Would I had met my deareſt foe
Or euer I had ſeene that day Hora
My father me thinkes I ſee my fa
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye Hor
Hora. I ſaw him once, a was
Ham. A was a man take him
I ſhall not looke vpon his like ag
Hora. My Lord I thinke I ſaw
Ham. Saw, who?
Hora. My Lord the King your
Ham. The King my Father?
Hora. Seaſon your admiratio
With an attentiue eare till I may
Vpon the witneſſe of theſe gentl
This maruaile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me h
Hora. Two nights together h
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on th
In the dead waſt and middle of t
Beene thus incountred, a figure l
Armed at poynt, exactly *Cap ape*
Appeares before them, and with
Goes ſlowe and ſtately by them
By their oppreſt and feare ſurpri
Within this tronchions length, v
Almoſt to gelly, with the act of f
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to
In dreadfull ſecrecy impart they
And I with them the third night
Whereas they had deliuered bo
Forme of the thing, each word
The Apparition comes: I knew